# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For the Port Folio.*

### THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 182.

MR. SAUNTER,

THERE is a certain disposition for tedious narrations in some people which, however accompanied by good-nature, is hateful, even in the best of beings; I mean boring. Boring, Sir, (or bothering if you please) is become so universal a habit, that it deserves the most *serious consideration:* for my part I have declared war against it, and have met with such a variety of bores, that I trust it will not be amiss if I give you a sketch of them.

There are a thousand ways of boring one. Go into a Coffee-room, and you hear nothing there but boring. Bonaparte, sir, says a grave politician (laying down his newspaper and taking off his spectacles); Bonaparte, sir, is a very great man; a very extraordinary, a very surprising, a most miraculous character. Well, granted; and what then? why then he proceeds, and gives you the whole history of his campaigns; a tale that might vie in prolixity with the famous bulletin of Austerlitz. Well, another reads you the advertisements; aye, and with an air of consequence. He is a merchant, and wishes to impress his hearer with a profound idea of his wealth. He tells you a story about his usual habits, one of which is to read all the advertisements from A. B's '*wants a place*,' to I. Longman & Co's. '*rum, sugar and molasses.*' A man who sits near him, catching the spirit of boring from the aforesaid merchant, by hearing him talk of some of his old habits, exclaims, 'Yes, sir, that puts me in mind of some of my own customs. Now, sir, whenever I get up from bed, I drink a pint of beer; beer, sir, is a fine thing for the stomach; well, sir, and then I take a walk round the battery, and have a peep through the spy-glass;' and thus he goes on until his friend calls him away, or until his hearers are completely dispersed. The next fellow teizes you about the New-York election, and then De Witt Clinton stuns yours ears. By the way, that there Cheetham is a devil of a bore.

But boring is not confined to Coffee-houses; it is, in short, to be found every where. Though I honour very highly the sacred function, yet, it is not less true that some of the reverend clergy, are also very great bores, especially our Presbyterians. One of them will preach you a whole hour, by the clock, a long-winded discourse on faith and good works; and, finally, he makes it appear that good works are not worth a farthing; he then bores you a good deal about Moses and the prophets; and, lastly, exhorts you to fasting, praying, and flesh-mortification, when he is, perhaps, himself as obvious an instance of eating, laughing, and vociferation, as the most jolly fellow in the meeting. I might say a great deal more on this

head, but I begin to grow tired.—Oh! I had like to have forgotten: there is Mr. Mammoth, the *chief*, *head*, and *president* of all bores. Mr. Mammoth, sir, is a great hand at *boring*. He has a long while bored us about 'his gunboats,' and his 'damned dry-dock,' and then again, whenever you mention 'Louisiana,' he will bore you about Louisiana till you wish him and Louisiana at the d——l. Lately I met with him at a friend's house, and he kept talking to me so long about *two millions of dollars*, with which he intends to purchase lands, that I had no patience with the fellow, but taking my hat rushed out of the house directly.

Yours, &c.

L. G.

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*For the Port Folio.*

## BIOGRAPHY.

[The following article, which we have translated from the *Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique*, vindicates the character of a French physician, who has been unjustly confounded with many of the murderers concerned in the French Revolution.]

Guillotin was born at Saintes, the 29th of March 1738, studied medicine and took his Doctor's degree at Paris. Here he lived happy and useful until the organization of the States General; when he was appointed to revise a pamphlet entitled *Petition de Six Corps*. The style was flimsy, and the thought trite; but the enthusiasm of the French, in favour of the Revolution, gave it a temporary celebrity, and procured for the author a place in the deputation of the *Tiers Etats* of Paris. In the National Assembly, Guillotin was temperate, reserved, and at once conspicuous for his integrity and moderation. Appointed to draft a report on the penal code, he proposed, as a punishment less cruel than the rope, the employment of that fatal machine which bears the name of its inventor, and by which, shortly after, so many innocent victims were sacrificed. The indignation inspired by the judicial murders effected by this instrument has been unjustly transferred to Guillotin. It is a false rumour that he perished by his own devices. He died in his bed; but, it is said, his death was accelerated by chagrin for the infamous abuse of what he intended as an instrument of mercy; not an engine of cruelty.

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*For the Port Folio.*

## POETICAL INQUIRIES.

### No. 9.

### THE MOALLAKAT.

POEM II.—BY TARAFA.

[*Concluded.*]

What causes the variance which I perceive between me and my cousin, Malec, who, whenever I approach him, retires and flees to a distance?

He censures me, whilst I know not the ground of his censure; just as Karth, the son of Aabed, reproved me in the assembly of the tribe.

He bids me wholly despair of all the good which I seek, as if we had buried it in a gloomy grave; and this for no defamatory words which I have uttered, but only because I sought, without remissness, for the camels of my brother Mabed!

I have drawn closer the ties of our relation [*relationship*], and I swear by thy prosperity, that, in all times of extreme distress, my succour is at hand.

Whenever I am summoned on momentous enterprises, I am prepared to encounter peril; and, whenever the foe assails thee impetuously, I defend thee with equal vehemence. If any base defamers injure thy good name by their calumnies, I force them, without previous menace, to drain a cup from the pool of death; yet, without having committed any offence, I am treated like the worst offender, and am censured, insulted, upbraided, rejected.

Were any other man *but* Malec my cousin, he would have dispelled my cares, or have left me at liberty for a season; but my kinsman strangles me with cruelty, even at the very time when I am giving thanks for the past, and requesting new favours; even when I am seeking from him the redemption of my soul.

The unkindness of relations gives keener anguish to every noble breast than the stroke of an Indian cimeter.

Permit me then to follow the bent of

my nature. I will be grateful for thy indulgence, although my abode should be fixed at such a distance as the mountains of Darghed! Had it pleased the author of my being, I might have been illustrious as Kais, the son of Khaled; had it pleased my creator, I might have been as eminent as Amru, the son of Morthed; then should I have abounded in wealth; and the noblest chiefs would have visited me, as a chief equally noble. I am light, as you know me all, and am nimble; following my own inclinations, and briskly moving as the head of a serpent with flaming eyes. I have sworn, that my side should [*shall*] never cease to line a bright Indian blade with two well-polished and well-sharpened edges; a penetrating cimeter! when I advance with it in my defence against a fierce attack, the first stroke makes a second unnecessary: it is not a mere pruning-sickle, but the genuine brother of confidence, not bent by the most impetuous blow; and, when they say to me, "Gently!" I restrain its rage, and exclaim, "It is enough."

When the whole clan are bracing on their armour with eager haste, thou mayest find me victorious in the conflict, as soon as my hand can touch the hilt of this cimeter.

Many a herd of slumbering camels have I approached with my drawn sabre, when the foremost of them, *awakening*, have fled through fear of me; but one of them has passed before me, strong-limbed, full-breasted, and well-fed, the highly valued property of a morose old churl, dry and thin as a fuller's club. He said to me, when the camel's hoofs and thighs were dismembered, "Seest thou not how great an "injury thou hast done me?"

Then he turned to his attendants, saying, "What opinion do you form "of that young wine-drinker, who as-"sails impetuously, whose violence is "preconcerted?"

"Leave him," he added, "and let this camel be his perquisite; but, unless you drive off the hindmost of the herd, he will reiterate his mischief."

Then our damsels were busy in dressing the camel's foal, and eagerly served up the luscious bunch.

O daughter of Mabed! sing my praises, if I am slain, according to my desert, and rend thy vest with sincere affliction! Compare me not with any man whose courage equals not my courage; whose exploits are not like mine; who has not been engaged in combats, in which I have been distinguished; with a man slow in noble enterprises, but quick in base pursuits; dishonoured in the assembly of the tribe, and a vile outcast. Had I been ignoble among my countrymen, the enmity of the befriended and the friendless might have been injurious to me; but their malevolence is repelled by my firm defiance of them, by my boldness in attack, by my solid integrity, and my exalted birth. By thy life, the hardest enterprises neither fill my day with solicitude, nor lengthen the duration of my night! but many a day have I fixed my station immoveably in the close conflict, and defended a pass, regardless of hostile menaces, on my native field of combat, where even the boldest hero might be apprehensive of destruction; where the muscles of our chargers quake, as soon as they mingle in battle; and many an arrow *for drawing lots* have I seen well hardened and made yellow by fire, and then have delivered into the hand of a gamester noted for ill fortune.

*Too much wisdom is folly;* for time will produce events of which thou canst have no idea; and he, to whom thou gavest no commission, will bring thee unexpected news.

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*For the Port Folio.*

## MISCELLANY.

[During the administration of Lord North, the councils of England were governed by some of the wisest and some of the weakest men in the kingdom. Among the most strenuous supporters of the ministry was the subject of the ensuing article, who, by the opposition wits of the day, was commonly called *Bloomsbury Dick*. As a politician, he never tired his hearers with prolixity; being more studious of *dining* than of *convincing*. We may be astonished that a mere sensualist should be associated in the management of the affairs of a great empire; and at a most interesting and alarming epoch too, but the wonder will vanish when we reflect that often, in the

absurd arrangements of this world, men, with the vulgar arithmetic of a petty clerk, or exciseman, are often exalted to the station of ministers; and that there have been Generals, who, if they had been sergeants, would not have had talent enough to make out the muster-roll.]

Richard Rigby was a Suffolk Fox-hunter, a bon vivant, and lastly, pay-master general; an appointment, the emoluments of which, during the American war, amounted to *fifty thousand pounds a year*. The early life and habits of Mr. Rigby were not favourable to economy; fashionable manners, mortgages, money traders, Sudbury dinners, and White's Chocolate house had made deep inroads on his paternal estate, originally respectable.

This was before he had perfectly attained the age or the art of properly enjoying it; and he might have lived to practice the teazing expedients of an empty purse, had not the turf, which helped to diminish, afforded him an opportunity of ransoming his fortune.

The grandfather of the last Duke of Bedford had given great offence to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Litchfield, by an improper interference at their races; and as it was by no means safe or easy effectually to punish a man, fortified by rank, privilege and wealth, they at last determined to bestow manual correction on this illustrious offender.

The Duke, in some matter relating to the starting of the horses and their weights, in which he had no kind of right to interpose, soon afforded the confederates an opportunity of executing their purpose; he was in a moment separated from his attendants, surrounded by the party, hustled, and unmercifully horsewhipped by an exasperated country attorney, with keen resentment and a muscular arm.

The lawyer persevered in this severe discipline, without being interrupted by his Grace's outcries and repeated declarations "that he was the Duke of Bedford," an assertion which Mr. Humphries, the assailant, positively denied, adding, "that a peer of the realm would never have conducted himself in such a manner:" the matter soon circulated over the course, and reaching Rigby's ear, he burst through the crowd, rescued the distressed peer, completely thrashed his antagonist, and protected the Duke off the ground.

A service so essential, at a critical juncture, and at the imminent peril of his own person, naturally called forth, in the Russel family, every exertion of gratitude and friendship. Rigby became so distinguished a favourite at Bedford House, that he acquired the name of *Bloomsbury Dick*; and was soon after chosen member for Tavistock; the powerful patronage of the Duke did not forsake him till he was appointed to the most lucrative office in the gift of the crown. During the viceroyship of his Grace in Ireland, he shared the Duke's unpopularity as well as his favours, and is said, on one occasion, to have narrowly escaped with his life, from public indignation.

From the commencement of his fortunate career, no revolution of parties ever threw him back, and his passage through life, till his last illness, is said to have been interrupted by few of those distresses and inquietudes which, in a greater or less proportion, fall to the lot of most men; this circumstance was strongly corroborated by a countenance of festive conviviality, and a heart at ease, which he used to declare he *could only attribute to never having been married*.

Yet, an indifference to women I mean not to lay to his charge; he indulged this passion in a latitude culpable and somewhat extraordinary in a corpulent epicure, a professed amateur of the luxuries of the table, in whom the pungent irritations of love are supposed to be sheathed and blunted by masses of fat.

The writer of this article has often been in company with two of Mr. Rigby's acknowledged natural children, and has remarked that three of the handsomest women he knew were the wives of men provided for by the liberality or the gratitude of the paymaster of the forces.

It is hardly necessary to observe, that he continued a firm and consistent supporter of government during the American war. Though by no means an orator, or frequent parliamentary speaker, he was generally heard with attention, when he thought his communications either useful or necessary; and, by keeping to the question, which long speechmakers are so apt to forget, as well as by a correct acquaintance with the *Lex et consuetudo Parliamenti*, great deference was paid to his opinion on points of order.

When a debate became personal and acrimonious, it was his peculiar province to cool party violence; and he possessed the art of recalling banished good humour, by some ironical sally, or humourous turn. With these innocent weapons, I have seen him moderate or subdue the impetuous overwhelming torrent of Mr. Fox's invective, the noisy vehemence of Lord Mulgrave, the declamatory virulence of Edmund Burke, the personal acrimony of the Luttrells, and the well defended versatility of Mr. Dundas.

Mr. Rigby's pecuniary accumulations, whatever disgrace they conferred on Government, for permitting it, could not possibly be mentioned to *his* reproach, as they were, at that time, and had long been considered, the fair and customary perquisites of his office; he was often generous and always hospitable.

In a conversation on the subject of a motion made by a noble Lord, for accommodating the Commons in the House of Peers, he once laid himself open to a severe retort. "It has been for a long time," he observed, "matter of surprise, that their lordships pay so little respect to the house of commons; there is not so much as a seat to separate us from *other strangers—I myself*, when a noble Earl (Lord Chatham) made his last speech, was behind the bar, crowded and pressed on by *pickpockets*.

He forgot there was in that crowd men elevated by talents, rank, and hereditary fortune, far above a little country squire, the elevated minion of lucky accident; who owed every thing he hoped for or enjoyed to strength of body, and by no means to transcendant ability or attainment.

"I did not know," replied a gentleman, offended at his remark, "that I was hemmed in by pickpockets, between the bar of the house, till the honourable gentleman ascertained the fact; but I now perfectly recollect I was very much crowded and jostled by the *Paymaster of the Forces*." Mr. Rigby felt the justice as well as the severity of the censure, and immediately gave a proof of his good sense, by asking pardon, shaking hands with the wit, and confessing the unguarded impropriety of the speech he had uttered.

The man, who from a scanty income, and the coarse meal produced by daily labour, shall contemplate, with a sigh, the brilliant revolutions of fortune, and the princely income of Mr. Rigby, may perhaps cease to repine at the distribution of the good things of this life, which a state of future retribution can alone fairly balance. Yet the Paymaster often confessed that the *early* part was by far the pleasantest of his life, when from the fatigues of the chase, and the joys of the jovial crew at his table, he returned with glee to his bed; and, after a well slept night, could not always tell where he should dine the next day.

"I was then far happier," he observed to a friend at Bath, "than feasting at Whitehall, or carousing at Mistley: I had not, it is true, a thousand acquaintance, who praised my dinners, drank my wine, and abused me behind my back; but I possessed a few really disinterested friends, whom, I fear, wealth and elevation have deprived me of; and what, alas! have they given me in exchange: a mind soured by suppressed suspicion, and ill disguised misanthrophy, the hateful effect of too intimate a knowledge of mankind; appetites jaded by satiety, and a debilitated body sinking into the grave, from a complication of diseases produced by luxurious living.

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[GOLDSMITH's prose has nearly as much fascination as his poetry. Against his inclination, and in a course of studies quite

repugnant to his genius, he was engaged by the booksellers in the completion of the History of the Earth, and Animated Nature. This, in some places, is a translation from Pliny, in others from Buffon. Here, the ingenious author is compelled to translate from the barbarous language of a *Philosophical Society*, and there to new model the clumsy periods of a Woodward. Sometimes he is forced to wander through a wilderness of words with the garrulous Gessner; and sometimes to sigh over the dreary waste of Aldrovandus. But his fine genius never forsakes him. Let us look at a narrative, which, in his own inimitable way, he tells on the authority of some prosing Italian.]

In the times of Frederic, king of Sicily, there lived a celebrated diver, whose name was Nicolas, and who, from his amazing skill in swimming, and his perseverance under water, was surnamed the Fish. This man had from his infancy been used to the sea; and earned his scanty subsistence by diving for corals and oysters, which he sold to the villages ashore. His long acquaintance with the sea, at last brought it to be almost his natural element. He frequently was known to spend five days in the midst of the waves, without any other provisions than the fish which he caught there and ate raw. He often swam over from Sicily into Calabria, a tempestuous and dangerous passage, carrying letters from the king. He was frequently known to swim among the gulfs of the Lipari Islands, no way apprehensive of danger.

Some mariners, out at sea one day, observed something at some distance from them, which they regarded as a sea monster; but, upon its near approach, it was known to be Nicolas, whom they took into their ship. When they asked him whither he was going in so stormy and rough a sea, and at such a distance from land, he shewed them a packet of letters which he was carrying to one of the towns of Italy, exactly done up in a leather bag, in such a manner as that they could not be wetted by the sea. After eating a hearty meal with the mariners, he took his leave, and jumping into the sea pursued his voyage alone.

In order to aid these powers of enduring the deep, nature seemed to have assisted him in a very extraordinary manner; for the spaces between his fingers and toes were webbed as in a goose; and his chest became so very capacious that he could take in, at one inspiration, as much breath as would serve him for a whole day.

The account of so extraordinary a person did not fail to reach the king himself, who, actuated by the general curiosity, ordered that Nicolas should be brought before him. It was no easy matter to find Nicolas, who generally spent his time in the solitudes of the deep; but at last, however, after searching, he was found and brought before his Majesty. The curiosity of this monarch had been long excited by the accounts which he had heard of the bottom of the gulf of Charybdis; he now, therefore, conceived that it would be a proper opportunity to have more certain information. He accordingly commanded our poor diver to examine the bottom of this dreadful whirlpool, and, as an incitement to his obedience, ordered a golden cup to be flung in it. Nicolas was not insensible of the danger to which he was exposed; danger best known only to himself; and he therefore presumed to remonstrate; but the hopes of the reward, the desire of pleasing the king, and the pleasure of shewing his skill, at last prevailed.—He instantly jumped into the gulf, and was swallowed as instantly up in its bosom. He continued for three quarters of an hour below; during which time the king and his attendants remained upon shore anxious for his fate, but he at last appeared buffeting upon the surface, holding the cup in triumph in one hand and making his way good among the waves with the other. It may be supposed he was received with applause upon his arrival on shore: the cup was made the reward of his adventure; the king ordered him to be taken prompt care of; and, as he was somewhat fatigued and debilitated by his labour, after an hearty meal he was put to bed, and permitted to refresh himself by sleeping. When his spirits were thus rested, his account of the wonders he had seen was to the following effect.

He would never, he said, have obeyed the king's commands had he been apprized of half the dangers that were before him. There were four things, he said, which rendered the gulf dreadful, not only to men, but to the fishes themselves: first, the fear of the water bursting up from the bottom, which requires great strength to resist; secondly, the abruptness of the rocks that on every side threatened destruction; thirdly, the force of the whirlpool dashing against those rocks; and fourthly, the number and magnitude of the polipus fish, some of which appeared as large as a man, and which, every where sticking against the rocks, projected their fibrous arms to entangle him. Being asked how he was able so readily to find the cup that had been thrown in, he replied that it happened to be flung by the waves into the cavity of a rock against which he himself was urged in his descent. This account, however, did not satisfy the king's curiosity: being requested to venture once more into the gulf for further discoveries, he at first refused; but the king, desirous of having the most exact information possible of all things to be found in the gulf repeated his solicitations; and, to give them still greater weight, produced a larger cup than the former, and added also a purse of gold. Upon these considerations the unfortunate Diver once again plunged into the whirlpool, and was never heard of more.

*For the Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In the year 1759 Dr. Will wrote a pamphlet entitled, "To David Garrick, Esq; the petition of the Letter I, in behalf of himself and Sisters." The purport of it was to charge Mr. Garrick with some words including the letter I, as U, in furm for firm, vurtue for virtue, and others.—The pamphlet is now forgotten; but the following Epigram, which Mr. Garrick wrote upon the occasion, deserves to be preserved as one of the best in the Language.——O.

To Dr. Will, upon his petition of the letter I, to David Garrick, Esq.

If 'tis true, as you say, that I have injur'd a letter,
I'll change my notes soon, as I hope, for the better;
May the just rights of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixt by the tongue and the pen;
Most devoutly I wish they may both have their due,
And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*.

For the Port Folio.

## LEVITY.

### CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

*The following bite upon the public was of so extraordinary a nature, that it deserves to be recorded, as it shews, that a foolish credulity and ridiculous curiosity seem to have banished common sense from the quality and gentry of great Britain. Towards the middle of* January, 1749, *the following advertisement appeared in the news-papers.*

At the New Theatre in the Hay-Market, on Monday next, the 16th instant, to be seen a person who performs the several most surprizing things following, viz. First, he takes a common walking-cane from any of the spectators, and thereon plays the music of every instrument now in use, and likewise sings to surprizing perfection. Secondly, he presents you with a common wine bottle, which any of the spectators may first examine: this bottle is placed on a table in the middle of the stage, and he (without any equivocation) goes into it, in sight of all the spectators, and sings in it: during his stay in the bottle, any person may handle it, and see plainly that it does not exceed a common tavern bottle.

Those on the stage or in the boxes may come in masked habits (if agreeable to them), and the performer (if desired) will inform them who they are.

Stage 7s. 6d. Boxes 5. Pit 3. Gallery 2s.
To begin at half an hour after six o'clock.

☞ Tickets to be had at the Theatre.

*** The performance continues about two hours and a half.

*N. B.* If any gentlemen or ladies, after the above performances (either singly or in company, in or out of mask)

are desirous of seeing a representation of any deceased person, such as husband or wife, sister or brother, or any intimate friend of either sex, (upon making a gratuity to the performer) shall be gratified, seeing and conversing with them for some minutes, as if alive: likewise (if desired) he will tell you your most secret thoughts in your past life; and give you a full view of persons who have injured you, whether dead or alive.

For those gentlemen and ladies who are desirous of seeing this last part, there is a private room provided.

These performances have been seen by most of the crowned heads of Asia, Africa, and Europe, and never appeared public any where but once; but the performer will wait on any at their houses, and perform as above, for five pounds each time.

☞ There will be a proper guard to keep the house in due decorum.

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*This other advertisement was also published at the same time, which, one would have thought, was sufficient to prevent the former's having any effect.*

"Sig. *Capitello Jumpedo*, a surprizing dwarf, no taller than a common tavern tobacco-pipe; who can perform a great many wonderful equilibres on the slack or tight rope: likewise, he'll transform his body in above ten thousand different shapes and postures; and after he has diverted the spectators two hours and a half, he will open his mouth wide, and jump down his own throat. He being the most wonderfull'st wonder of wonders as ever the world wonder'd at, would be willing to join in performance with that surprizing musician on Monday next, in the Hay-Market.

"He is to be spoke with at the Black Raven in Golden-lane, every day from seven to twelve, and from twelve all day long."

Nevertheless, the contrivance took, and the playhouse was crouded with Dukes, Duchesses, Lords, Ladies, &c. the consequence of which will appear from the following paragraph.

Last night (viz. Monday, Jan. the 16th) the muchexpected drama of the bottle conjurer of the New Theatre in the Hay-Market ended in the tragi-comical manner following. Curiosity had drawn together prodigious numbers. About seven, the Theatre being lighted up, but without so much as a single fiddle to keep the audience in good humour, many grew impatient. Immediately followed a chorus of catcalls, heightened by loud vociferations, and beating with sticks; when a fellow came from behind the curtain, and bowing, said, that if the performer did not appear, the money should be returned. At the same time, a wag crying out from the pit, that if the ladies and gentlemen would give double prices, the conjurer would get into a pint bottle; presently a young gentleman in one of the boxes seized a lighted candle, and threw it on the stage. This served as the charge for sounding to battle. Upon this, the greatest part of the audience made the best of their way out of the theatre; some losing a cloak, others a hat, others a wig, and others hat, wig, and swords also. One party, however, staid in the house, in order to demolish the inside, when the mob breaking in, they tore up the benches, broke to pieces the scenes, pulled down the boxes, in short, dismantled the theatre entirely, carrying away the particulars above-mentioned into the street, where they made a mighty bonfire; the curtain being hoisted on a pole by way of a flag. A large party of guards were sent for, but came time enough only to warm themselves round the fire. We hear of no other disaster than a young nobleman's chin being hurt, occasioned by his fall into the pit, with part of one of the boxes, which he had forced out with his foot, 'Tis thought the conjurer vanished away with the bank. Many enemies to a late celebrated book concerning the ceasing of miracles, are greatly disappointed by the conjurer's non-appearance in the bottle; they imagining, that his jumping into it would have been the most convincing proof possible, that miracles are not yet ceased.

Several advertisements were printed afterwards, some serious, others comical, relating to this whimsical affair.

The reason assigned, in one humorous advertisement, for the conjurer's not going into the *quart* bottle, was, that after searching all the taverns, not one could be found.

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For the Port Folio.

*A New Way of stating a Love Account.*

The following account was furnished by an enamored votary of the quill, to the frail mistress of his hopes. As, in this traffic of affection, the balance appears so much against the adventuress, or, to use a counting-house phrase, in favor of the creditor, we see no other way for her to liquidate the debt, than by allowing him to commence an amicable suit, suffering judgment by default, submitting to an arrest upon the execution, going into a prison bounds, and swearing out upon the act for the benefit of the insolvent debtors—for it is but a fair inference from the face of the transaction, that she has already made a full assignment of her personal property to others, probably for the use and behoof of her natural heirs.

*Miss——in account current with*

——

Dr.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| To 1 high-proof, genuine, unadultered, Virginia heart, 21 years old, shipped from Imaginary Felicity, in the Desire, and landed at port Expectation: reshipped in the Hope, Sanguine Ideas master, entered at the custom-house, Port Deception, and stored in your fire-proof warehouse—value per invoice. | | |
| *dolls.* | 100,000 | 00 |
| To loss of weight and value, from damage sustained whilst in your possession, by neglect, want of attention and bad treatment, | 100,000 | 00 |
| To estimated depreciation in the value of the article received in Barter for the above, by reason of frequent exposure in market, at auction, and having been much handled by the bidders, the gilding being quite worn off and the base metal apparent, | 23,333 | 33 |
| To expenses of a survey to ascertain the same, | 1,666 | 67 |
| *dolls.* | 135,000 | 00 |

SUPRA—CR.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| By your heart consigned to me in Barter for mine, as per account rendered, original Sterling value | 100,000 | 00 |
| Deduct for damage received in the voyage chargeable as a general average against the underwriters, 29,656 50 | | |
| | 70,353 | 50 |
| By expenses, labor, &c. landing, and duties paid on the articles shipped by the Hope, | 7,236 | 56 |
| By storage, of do, for—months | 2,420 | 00 |
| By balance due by Miss ——, exclusive of drawback, &c. | 55,000 | 00 |
| *dolls.* | 135,000 | 00 |

E. E. N——, May 1, 1805.

S. W. P.——

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## THE STAGE.

[The ensuing tribute to dramatic merit we presume is from the pen of Mr. Carpenter, sometime Editor of the Charleston Courier. Mrs. Whitlock well deserves his encomium. Why is not this lady, the sister of Siddons, and with high pretensions to public favour, immediately engaged by the manager of our Theatre?]

The lovers of the drama will hear with sorrow that Mrs. Whitlock has sailed for *Philadelphia*, on her way to *England*.—The chasm which her departure will make in the theatre of *America* will not for a long time, if ever, be filled up. Those who have had the happiness of her private acquaintance, and possessed taste and judgment to appreciate its value, cannot readily forget the charms of her conversation, or hope easily to supply its loss. Of her professional powers it were needless to speak,

since they have been long the subject of public admiration, and the theme of the critic's applause. Whatever the character was which she performed, the Kemble *genius* presided over the scene. Though she falls short of her brother John and her sister Siddons in the elevated walks of tragedy, she has greater versatility of talent than either of them; and in variety of character is little less superior to the latter than the latter is to her in force, figure, majesty and grace; requisites in which all who live, or have lived, must yield the palm to that accomplished wonderful woman. To all her other relatives we think her incomparably superior. In common with her family, her private manners, and particularly her colloquial powers are so excellent, that, in the moments of social intercourse, her professional greatness is for the time forgotten. Drawn from the united sources of the head and heart, the dictates of wisdom roll from her lips in a tide of words capacious, select, and elegant, sometimes grave yet interesting, sometimes solemn yet delightful, and sometimes playful yet instructive. Her arrival in *England* will add one more luminary to that constellation which the family of Kemble has given to the dramatic hemisphere of that country.

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## VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.
OLD BALLAD.

The following are the late advertisements which have appeared in the London Papers, of persons who have worthily and diligently employed the extraordinary ingenuity with which they have been gifted, in discovering the means of improving beauty, and baffling the malignant efforts of Time.

"THE TRICOSIAN FLUID, in 24 hours, changes Grey Hair to any desired shade of Flaxen, Brown or Black, and its permanency is such, that neither Powder, Pomatum, nor even Washing will remove it; at the same time, it stands unrivalled in strengthening the weakest Hair, preventing its coming off, and increasing its growth to a luxuriance beyond imagination; in fine, any Lady sending a lock of her hair, post paid, sealed at one end, to prevent imposition, shall have it returned, changed to any colour shewn at the place of sale. —Sold at No. 42, Cornhill, in bottles of 1*l*. 1*s*. each."

"The incomparable BLOOM of NINON DE L'ENCLOS, superior to any thing yet discovered for rendering the Skin soft, smooth, and Beautiful in the extreme. Its wonderful effects in removing freckles, morphews, worms, &c. justly entitle it to that preference so long bestowed on it by the most elegant beauties in this kingdom. It is particularly recommended for the Hands and Arms, bestowing on them a delicacy and whiteness superior to any thing vended for similar purposes.—Sold by Mr. Overton No. 47, Bond-street, in Bottles of 4*s*. each."

"That SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS are one of the greatest drawbacks from the beauty and delicacy of the Female Face, Arms, &c. is allowed by every Man from the Prince to the Peasant.—To remove them various preparations have, from time to time, started up; but, most of them (though pompously advertised), having been found either inefficacious or deleterious, are fallen or falling to the ground.—In praise of TRENT'S DEPILATORY, which stands absolutely unparalleled and justly celebrated, the Proprietors will only observe—that it removes the Hair in a few minutes, without injuring the Skin, or causing any unpleasant sensation;—that it has been happily applied, and highly approved in the first Circle of Fashion and Rank;—and that Ladies may see it used, and thus have ocular demonstration of its Efficacy and innocence, before they make a purchase.—It is sold (by appointment of Trent & Co.) wholesale and retail by Mr. Perrin, No. 23, Southampton-street, Covent Garden.—Price Five Shillings."

"The Nobility and Public are respectfully informed, that "LARDNER'S GENUINE PREPARED CHARCOAL," which has acquired such great reputation as a DENTIFRICE, is totally different to that sold under the same name by

his late shopman ALEXANDER BLAKE. Mr. LARDNER has not only made a considerable improvement in the above preparation since the said Blake left him, but has also prepared a SOLUTION OF CHARCOAL, which (from the very great approbation it has already experienced), he flatters himself will continue to be found a valuable acquisition in promoting the Efficacy of the Powder, and in correcting Fœtid Breath, &c.—Sold wholesale and retail by E. LARDNER, (sole Proprietor,) Chemist to the Duke and Duchess of York, corner of Albany, Piccadilly."

## ODE

*On his Majesty's Birth Day, June 4, 1806.*

BY H. PYE, ESQ. POET-LAUREAT.

Long did chill Winter's dreary reign
  Usurp the promis'd hours of Spring:
Long Eurus o'er the russet plain
  Malignant wav'd his noisome wing.
O'er April's variegated day
The frolic zephyrs fear'd to play;
Th' alternate change of suns and showers
Call'd not to life her silken flowers;
But arm'd with whirlwind, frost, and hail,
Winter's ungenial blasts prevail,
  And check her vernal powers.

But o'er the renovated plain
See Maia lead her smiling train
  Of halcyon hours along;
While burst from every echoing grove
Loud strains of harmony and love,
Preluding to the choral song,
Which opening June shall votive pour,
To hail with proud acclaim our Monarch's
    natal hour.

Still must the day, to Britain dear,
  To Britons joy impart;
Cloudy or bright, the day shall wear
  The sunshine of the heart.
And as before the fervid ray,
  That genial glows in summer skies,
Each cloud that veil'd the beam of day
  Far from the azure welkin flies:
So may each cheerless mist, that seems
  Awhile to cloud our prospect fair,
Dispell'd by hope's enlivening beams,
  O'er brightening ether fly, 'and melt away
    in air.

Awhile though Fortune adverse frown—
  By timid friends their cause betray'd,
  With bosom firm and undismay'd,
On force depending all their own,
A living rampire round their parent Lord,
The British warriors grasp th' avenging
    sword;
While youths of royal hope demand the
    fight,
To assert a Monarch's and a Father's right.
United in one patriot band,
From Albion's, Erin's, Caledonia's land,
Elate in arms indignant shine
The kindred heroes of the Briton line,
To whelm invasion 'neath our circling flood,
Or stain our verdant fields with Gallia's hos-
    tile blood.

Two Irish gentlemen, now inhabitants of Petersburgh, are said to have formed a similar plan, in regard to the *airs* of their *native* country, which the celebrated Burns has executed with respect to the airs of Scotland. Most of these old Irish tunes are of exquisite pathos and simplicity; but the *words*, to which they are usually sung, are not always calculated to give them their full effect. Some are of an obsolete style; and some are a representation of ancient tales, not well understood at present, or of national manners which antiquity has robbed of more than half their charms. These *words* are to the *airs* which they originally accompanied, as some old unfashionable dress that is loosely thrown over a finely finished statue. The antiquated drapery merely *envelopes* but does not destroy the beauty of the statue; and what a connoisseur would most anxiously desire is, to cast off this unseemingly garb of antiquity, and give it an appearance more *ensemble* with the *feelings* and fashion of the times.

The following beautiful song is a specimen of those, which have been lately executed by the Poets of Petersburgh:—

TUNE—ROBIN ADAIR.

When war his iron voice
  Pour'd through the land,
My bosom burn'd to join
  The warlike band;
When my love heard the tale
Her sighs encreas'd the gale,
I felt my courage fail
  At love's command.

As the cold mountain's snow,
  Is my love fair;
Black as the raven's plume
  Her glossy hair;
In her soft hazle eye
Sorrow's drop trembled, I
Felt my heart bursting nigh,
  At her despair.

To the soft bosom, I
  Flew of my dear,
In her lids trembling stood,
  The chrystal tear;

On my cold cheek it fell,
I felt her bosom swell,
Oh! then what tongue can tell
What I felt here?

Dry thy tears, Rosalie;
See yonder sun
Sinks in the Western way,
His course is run;
But when the night has fled,
Thou'lt see him glorious shed
His gold beams on thy head,
A new course begun.

[*R. Inquirer.*

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## On Dr. Johnson's Stile.

*By the late Lord Dreghorn.*

In love with a pedantic jargon,
Our poets, now a days, are far gone;
Hence he alone can read their songs
To whom the gift of tongues belongs;
Or who, to make him understand,
Keeps Johnson's Lexicon at hand,
Which an improper name has got;
He should have call'd it *Polyglot.*

Be warn'd young poet, and take heed,
That Johnson you with caution read;
Always attentively distinguish
The Greek and Latin words from English;
And never use such, as 'tis wise
Not to attempt to nat'ralize.
Suffice this trifling specimen
To make the admonition plain:——

"Little of *anthropopathy* has he
Who in yon *fulgid* curricle reclines
Alone, while I, *depaupertated* bard!
The streets *pedestrious* scour: why, with bland voice,
Bids he me not his *vectitation* share?
Alas! he fears my *lacerated* coat,
And visage pale with *frigorisic* want,
Would bring *dedecoration* on his chaise.

"Me miserable! that th' Aonian hill
Is not *auriferous*, nor fit to bear
The *farinaceous* food, support of bards,
*Carnivorous* but seldom; that the soil
Which Hippocrene *humectates*, nothing yields,
But *steril* laurels and acquatics sour.
To *dulcify* th' *absinthiated* cup
Of life receiv'd from thy *novercal* hand,
Shall I have nothing? Muse! to *lenify?*
Thy heart *indurate* shall poetic wo
And plantive *ejaculation* nought avail!

"Richer *desiderate* I never did,
E'en in mood most *optative;* a farm, when
Little but *arborous*, was all I ask'd.
I, when a rustic, would my *blatant* calves
Well pleas'd *ablactate*, and delighted tend
My *gemellip'rous* sheep, nor scorn to rear
The strutting turkey and the *strepent* goose;
Then to *dendrelogy* my thoughts I'd turn;
A fav'rite care should *horticulture* be,
But most of all would *geoponies* please.

"While *ambulation* thoughtless I protract
The tir'd sun *appropinquates* to the sea,
And now my *arid* throat and *latrant* guts
Vociferate for supper; but what house
To get it in gives *dubitation* sad.
O! for a *turgid* bottle of strong beer,
Mature for *imbibition!* and O! for—
(Dear object of *biation!*) mutton pye."

When this piece, along with several others, in a similar strain, was shewn to Dr. Johnson, at Edinburgh, he said—"this is the best; but I could caricature my own style much better myself."

## *The Prayer of the late heroic Lord Nelson.*

The original of which is in the possession of Sir William Scott, in the hand writing of his Lordship, composed while the enemy's fleet were in sight.

"May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my Country, and for the benefit of Europe, a great and glorious Victory! and may no misconduct, in any one, tarnish it! And may Humanity, after victory, be the predominant feature in the British Fleet! For myself, individually, I commit my life to him who made me; and may his blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my Country faithfully! To him I resign myself, and the *Just Cause* which is entrusted to me to defend!—*Amen—Amen—Amen!*"

"*Victory, Oct.* 21, 1805, *in sight of the Combined Fleets of France and Spain, distant about* 10 *miles.*"

This pious composition, so honourable to its heroic Author, was written about an hour before the commencement of the Battle of Trafalgar;—Devotion itself acquires new attractions from so interesting a moment: and his Country, from this additional evidence of his virtues, will increase that reverence which is due to his memory.

*Honest Joey Davies.*—Mr. Joseph Davies, the late facetious host of Haverstock-hill, Hampstead, will be long remembered by the lovers of conviviality and the social jug. In size he was a complete Toby Filpot, in countenance a Boniface, and in humour little short of Falstaff. Like father Time, he was

rarely ever seen without a glass in his hand, and could not abide to see a full or empty one. He preferred native humour and native liquor to all foreign importations, and often declared that it would break his heart, if he thought that French brandy should ever get the better of *British spirits* by land or sea. He was fond of music, but could not bear the sound of an empty cask. He used to call himself the modestest man in the parish, because his face was always in a perpetual blush. Being once asked why he did not coin his nose, he said, he kept it that his customers might light their pipes at it. He was a steady friend to the Constitution, which he often toasted at the expense of his own—His maxim was, that a Publican could never be ruined but by short measures and short answers, which he carefully avoided—The only tax, he said he should approve, would be a heavy one on water drinkers. He drank with all, joked with all, and died, no doubt, in charity with all.

A race against time (if such it can be called) of a new description was performed, two or three days since, in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall.—A person laid a bet of 20 guineas that he would walk upon his *hands* one mile in 35 minutes along the road. His feet he was allowed to use as he pleased, provided he kept his hands to the ground. He performed the task in 32 minutes, and consequently won the wager, not, however without experiencing considerable inconvenience before he arrived at the end of his journey, from the creeping and crawling posture in which he was obliged to proceed. [*Lon. pap.*

## ANECDOTE.

*Demetrius of Macedon.*—This monarch would at times retire from business to attend to pleasure. On such an occasion he usually feigned indisposition.—His father, Antigonus, coming to visit him, saw a beautiful young lady retire from his chamber. On entering Demetrius said, " Sir, the fever has now left me." Very like, son, " says Antigonus, " *perhaps I met it at the door.*"

A gentleman the other day, in the Strand, overheard one sailor telling another, that he had forgot Lord Nelson's Christian name—Why, Hurrashio, you lubber (says Jack, a stout looking fellow, who probably could fight better than he could spell), and what could be more proper or convenient, as he was always licking the French, than to have a name that began with *hurra!*

A party of sailors, who had been in the battle of Trafalgar, were a short time ago met in Plymouth Dock (England) by some girls of their acquaintance. " So Ben," said one of the girls, " you have lost brave Nelson. The dear fellow! He is gone to Heaven, I hope."—" Gone to Heaven!" replied Ben, " to be sure he is—*what the hell could stop him?*"

### The Female Eye.

A modern Writer gives the following enumeration of the expression of a female eye: the glare, the stare, the leer, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspision, the fire of jealousy, and the lustre of pleasure."

The practice of ringing the bells every Sunday morning having been discontinued of late, it brings to our recollection the following Epigram on a similar occasion:—

Ye rascals of ringers, ye terrible foes,
And disturbers of all who are fond of *repose*,
How we wish, for the quiet and peace of these lands,
That ye wore round your necks what ye pull with your hands.

### INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

Emblem of death! ah, soothing balmy sleep!
Friend of my pillow, o'er my eye-lids creep!
Soft let me slumber—gently breathing sigh,
Live without life, and without dying die!

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*For the Port Folio.*

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

### MODELS OF ELOQUENCE.

During his literary labours in this department of the Port Folio, it is fre-

quently incident to the Editor to *announce* a work to the public, with a view of obliging some *literary merchant*, as Mr. Hayley terms a bookseller. On such occasions it is expected from every editor, that if he cannot warmly commend, he may not acrimoniously condemn, but advance in the path of praise to the utmost verge of candour. The editor has been violently censured for this; with what justice let Candour herself decide, when he states, with the confidence of Truth, that no *mercenary* motive has ever stimulated him in this behalf, but to promote the interest of *others*, and to extend the lines of literature in his native country, have been his cardinal objects. For this service, whatever may be its worth, he has received no other return than the sneers of some, and the curses and ingratitude of others.

On the present occasion, when he strives to call the public attention to a work, in great forwardness, entitled, SELECT SPEECHES, FORENSIC AND PARLIAMENTARY, with illustrative notes and remarks by N. Chapman, M. D. he cannot by the most illiberal critic be charged with writing a puffing paragraph for the bookseller, or obtruding a foolish book upon the public. An intimate persuasion of the value of such a work, and an ardent attachment to its ingenious and discriminating Editor, unite to urge us to omit no effort to make its circulation extensive as the geography of America. In the leading volumes, the student, the lawyer and the statesman will find some of the most brilliant specimens of eloquence, which, within the last half century, have, at the bar, or in the Senate House of Great Britain, delighted, roused, defended, or governed mankind. The names of CHATHAM, BURKE, PITT, TOWNSHEND, CHARLES YORKE, LYTTELTON, FLOOD, GRATTAN, CURRAN, &c. need only to be mentioned, to give every reader a full assurance of the value of this portion of the work. In the concluding volumes, the Editor, according to the dictates of his own judgment, in alliance with the deliberate opinion of the author of this article, will insert some of the speeches of the *olden* time. This is not the place to enter into a discussion of the politics of Charles I; but whatever might or may be thought of the nature or tendency of his maxims of government, it was notorious to the most prejudiced Puritan then, as well as to every polite scholar now, that this ill-fated Prince was one of the most accomplished writers and speakers in his kingdom. My Lord Falkland, Earl Strafford and many of their illustrious contemporaries will furnish many admirable models of speech. To prevent every invidious, and to rescind every party objection, to pay a full tribute to Impartiality, and make an acceptable sacrifice to Candour, the most brilliant orations of *Tom Totherside** will be fairly inserted. Among others, Waller's famous speech on the impeachment of Judge Crawley; of which popular, highly animated, and truly classical harangue, the bookseller boasted that he had sold *Forty thousand* in one day.

Nor shall the orators of America be passed over with contemptuous or ignominious silence. Full justice shall be done to the Genius of our country. If our *writers* form but a small company, the regiment of *speakers* is certainly full. We know no very forcible reason to prevent genuine Patriotism and honest Enthusiasm from comparing America to Athens, not much to the disadvantage of the former.

We conclude this annunciation, with expressing our belief that gentlemen of the legal profession, scholars in general, and politicians of every party will purchase this work; and in the great objects of amusement and instruction, we are convinced no subscriber will be disappointed.—In our country, eloquence is synonymous with civic Honours, Wealth, Dignity and Power. In the last particular, its potency is that of a magician. "It wields at will our *fierce democratie.*" It "shakes the arsenal," and *thunders* to the utmost verge of our political sky, as Demosthenes

——"*fulmin'd* over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

* Colman's Connoisseur.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Having relinquished the lighter devotions of the Muse, for the severity of professional application, I am about to sacrifice, on the altar of *interest*, those little effusions which owe their birth to a fond but mistaken enthusiasm. Should the following unfinished morceau, which I have rescued from the assemblage, be considered worthy of a place in *your* Port Folio, I shall consider the destruction of *my own* a less painful sacrifice. It was written some years since, under the pressure of a sentiment which I shall ever *dread*, yet *delight* to think of. Yours, &c.

B.

### SORROW'S SOLITUDE.

A FRAGMENT.

*sparges*
*Lachryma favillam.*
HOR.

TO MYRA.

Myra, thy well attemper'd soul
Hath only *dreamt* of grief's control.
I see thee move serene the while,
(A world submissive to thy smile)
Fashion's starry train among,
Fairest of the beauteous throng;
While wishing thousands vainly try
To wake the spirit of a sigh—
If from the world thou *ever* dar'st to stray;
To court the sudden maze of thought,
That Fancy's hermit hand hath wrought;
Oh, let the Muse conduct thy pensive way
O'er hollows deep, and mountains rude
To *sorrow's solitude!*—
Hark! from yon ivy-mantled tow'r
The pausing bell bespeaks the vesper near;
Soft flows the requiem of the parting hour,
In holy sadness stealing on the ear!
Imperfect from the yew's deep shade
That oft, the step of sadness hath betray'd,
Glooms the dire gateway on the sight;
While shrowded in a deeper night,
Far stretch'd beneath unmeasur'd valleys lie,
And mountains vast and drear ascend the distant sky.
Oft mid these haunts (as stories say)
Is heard the faint re-echoed scream;
Oft o'er the cliff-obstructed way
Flits the lone taper's midnight gleam,
That lights the spectre step of wo,
To its dark purpose in the vale below!
Cowl-shrouded guilt, with hollow eye,
Afraid to live, afraid to die.
And cloister'd *Frenzy* pointing to the tomb,
And pale Despondence often there,
Stalk dimly thro' the magic gloom,
To woo the spirit of Despair!
Ha! see!———————————
Yon pale form bending o'er the stream,
Where the rude cliff plunging past
Its thunders mingle with the blast—
Unheeded sweep the night winds by,
Fast the gath'ring damps descend;
Deadly gleams her sunken eye,
And streaming to the air her idle tresses blend.

Hist! in the pausings of the gale,
That seems to listen to her tale,
How steal the hallow'd accents on the ear.
"Dreams of my youth, farewel! forever flown,
Friendship's fond smile and rapture's fairy throne!

Oh can ye live by maniac-mem'ry sway'd,
That raves o'er wastes of immolated joy;
O'er visions blasted, love's young sigh betray'd,
And all that Fate can cherish or destroy?
Relentless Fate! oh give me back the past:
Hope whisper'd once its joys were meant to last,
But ah, she whisper'd only to deceive,
And wretched ——— only lives to grieve.
Oh, sure 'tis cruel to resign
All that I once imagin'd mine!—
Mine *be* that all kind mem'ry in thy pow'r,
Tho' tortures mingle with thy trance,
Yet give! oh give the backward glance,
Restore Joy's mimic hour!
Oh let me cease to *be*, but ever *seem*,
And still deluded woo delusion's dream;
Live in the parted hours that void of care
For *others* wept, but knew not *self*-despair,
When even *this* deserted form was blest,
By lovers flatter'd, and by friends carest;

While o'er the sportive dawnings of my youth,
Pleas'd with my artless innocence and truth
Maternal fondness smil'd—
And as she breath'd for *me* a pray'r,
Look'd virtue through the pious tear,
And Heav'n's bright transcript fashion'd in the child.

Yes! well does mem'ry picture to my view,
Departed Mother! when thy gentle form
Yet unsubdu'd by mis'ry's storm,
Rose like an angel on the eye,
And seem'd conversant with the sky—
Oh what an angel did I lose in you!

The sigh I breath'd united souls with thine,
And scarce a tear you shed, but mixt with mine;
Tow'rd Heav'n I soar'd, encircled by thy pray'rs,
And made thy candid breast the pillow of my cares!

Ah, they were cares, to those that now oppress
Thy sinking child, mere fictions of distress—
Ah, those were joys to nought but Heav'n allied,
And Heav'n resum'd them when my mother died!
Benignant Heav'n! that snatch'd me from her eye
E'er this fond heart had yielded love a sigh—
And yet perhaps that heart had never stray'd,
Blest in her pray'rs, and by her counsel sway'd;
Still had I flourish'd innocent as fair,
And frown'd reproach to death, or smil'd away despair.
Oh, lov'd remembrance! could thy arts revive
These faded hours, and bid their raptures live!—
Ah no!—I hear!—'tis Heav'n's too just decree—
"They live to *virtue*, but they die to *thee*."
Oh grant me then, 'tis all of earth I crave,
Some unknown, silent, solitary grave!
Grant me the cavern's deep enshrouding gloom,
'Twill yield my woes at least a transient tomb!
Welcome the dusky silence of the vale,
Thou semblance of my fate, black midnight, hail!
Willing I shun offended virtue's eye,
And blushing weep my crime, nor ask a sigh,
Yet spare reproach!—oh spare the wretch that lies
In self-reproach o'erwhelm'd, despairs—and —dies."

Ill-fated girl; e'en death's last throb release,
Oh that the muse could antedate its peace!
Could call some spirit from the realms of air,
Soft as thy sigh, and as thy bosom fair—
But ah! I see—the heart long taught to know
The iron anguish of neglected wo,
By love deluded, and by love unblest,
Already hastens to its Heav'n of rest—
One little moment, and its pangs are o'er,
That pulse forgets to throb; that eye is moist no more!
So the bold stream, on which thy gaze was thrown,
Whose tumbling honor half deceiv'd thine own,
From rock to rock recoiling tears its way,
Thro' nights of shade, and caves unknown to day,
Till the last verge one moment stays its flight,
Then flashing headlong on the light,
To wonted peace the billows all subside,
And gently steals the unmolested tide.
O'er spring-enamour'd plains pursues its way,
And vales made fertile by its fost'ring sway;
Reflects the beauties that its waters lave,
* And Heav'n's bright features dancing on its wave.

Ill-fated girl! tho' not one kind reprieve
From *lips* of *ice* thy suppliant fame receive,
Mayhap 'twill flourish, when *their* chaster breath
In wearied venom sighs the sigh of death—
For tho' no arts could, living, make thee fair,
Not ten long years of penitence and pray'r—
(Ah deep's the sigh, and bitter too the tear,
The world ne'er saw, or seen deems insincere)
Shall some impassion'd Bard, to sorrow just,
Rekindle virtue from thy sleeping dust!
Sing of thy woes, till pride forget to spurn,
And love's last victim watch thy sainted urn!

LODINUS.

* This allusion the author unconsciously interwove with lines written by him at the Falls of the Passaic.

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## EPIGRAMS.

*A Cure for Impudence.*

As a company of Mrs's. and Messrs. one day
Were ambitiously striving their wit to display,
The question was rous'd, when the precepts of old
Forbade ev'ry lady her age to unfold.
A pert forward female, by insolence fir'd,
Of a youth who as yet had not spoken, enquir'd,
What reply should I make, taciturnean sage,
Were some person desirous of knowing my age?
Reply, said the youth, by her insolence pain'd,
That you have not to years of discretion attain'd.

---

A limb of the law of a rustic requir'd,
Sir, your meaning of justice repeat;
Its a work cries the clown for which lawyers are hir'd,
But a work which they seldom complete.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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